THE EMERALD.

....SEMPER REFULGET.....

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXXIV.

MORNING.

WHAT youth is to life and spring to the year, morning is to the day: the season for healthful occupation and serene enjoyment, for gaiety and frolic; the "holy day-time" of nature. What pity, that in the day of a city resident, *morning* has so little participation!—Poets from the earliest ages have sung its beauties, moralists have urged its appropriation and physicians have condemned the practice of incorporating it with night, but still sloth triumphs over reason. The votaries of NOX outnumber the admirers of AURORA.

Few cities offer such powerful inducements to *early rising* as ours, while perhaps in none does so general a disposition prevail to indulge propensities to sluggardism and protract the period of sleep. Although fully sensible of the difficulty of overcoming this preposterous tendency, the Wanderer cannot at this season omit to call on his readers "to shake the poppies from their brow" when "the cheerful morn beams o'er the hills;"

"When every muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious morning walk."

Let not the drowsy belle nor yawning beau condemn as *vulgar* the practice of early rising until they have experimented its advantages, nor frown on the Wanderer for attacking their favourite propensity until they have frequently accompanied him in a morning ramble through the MALL, where, beneath the umbrageous foliage of its spreading trees they may inhale the balmy breezes of the west, while the feathered choristers warble a song of gratulation. *There* rosy health delights to wander and bestow her gifts. Has nature charms? Observe from the summit of BEACON HILL with what bounteous hand she has lavished them on our vicinity, and with what care her handmaid art has heightened these adornments; but wait not till the smoke and vapours which defile the day shall have obscured the prospect. The east too invites. Contemplate the beauties of the rising sun as it gilds the undulating wave; view the extended ocean, whitened by the distant sail, and indulge in reveries on the growing commerce of our country, your confidence in which will not be diminished by observing for a moment the bustle of the wharves below. If greater variety be required, "go, mount the exulting steed," "and course the country round where freshness breathes." Heaven's best gift, health will thus be secured, while the frame becomes enervated and the mental faculties

enfeebled by protracted sleep, six hours being fully sufficient to restore the wonted vigour of the body.

No time is so propitious as morning for application to business and every student is acquainted with its peculiar adaptation, to intense exertion of mind; every poet knows that fancy is then most vigorous. *Aurora, Musis amica.* What prodigality then is it to waste time so valuable when life is so short?

A moral mathematician remarking on the difference between rising at six and eight, has computed the gain during forty years to a man, who has been accustomed to devote only eight hours daily to business or study, as equal to ten entire years of life. How momentous a calculation, well worthy the most serious consideration of every one, who has it thus in his power to obtain so vast an acquisition of time for the cultivation of his natural endowments and increasing his mental acquirements.

In his primeval state man felt not this preposterous tendency to sloth.

"The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam."

No midnight carousals *then* obliged the bacchanalian to resort to day for a sleep of turbid agony, nor did the fair then only abandon the dance for the couch at dawn of day. In obtaining refinement we have abandoned comfort. But our claim to it is not extinct. Let me then entreat my male readers not to suffer Aurora to blush at seeing them reel into their beds at the time they should be rising from them, and the fair must pardon me for exorting them to abstain from the midnight perusals of hobgoblin descriptions and unnatural delineations of ideal life, that a sleep undisturbed by terrific dreams may admit an awakening to the charms of nature and the duties of life.

"Love not sleep," says Solomon, "lest thou come to poverty;" and as my *money getting* countrymen have so hearty a detestation of that pale attendant, I have felt no small surprise that they should linger in a path, where the *wise man* asserts she must inevitably be found.

This subject would admit much further comment, but the original intention was merely to express astonishment, that among those, who must necessarily be unemployed in the morning, so few, particularly among the female part of the community, visit our delightful public walks. Are my fair readers ignorant that the bloom of health, bestowed by morning exercise, is more fascinating than the highest glow, which the cosmetics of Gourgas can supply? An epigrammatist on this subject says pointedly,

Myrtilla, rising with the dawn
Steals roses from the blushing morn;
But when *Myrtilla* sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

The desire to obtain additional charms we may hope will have its proper effect in filling our public walks with the smiling fair, whose example cannot fail to influence the other sex, and operate a general reformation in the community, banishing the tinge of the lilly from both female and male faces, and restoring the rose to its proud preeminence. Convinced of the influence of the fair, and desirous that this influence may be exerted, the Wanderer would call them from the couch by the invocation of a poet.

AWAKE, my fair! in smiles awake!
For night withdraws her sable veil,
The clouds of morn refulgent break,
And odours breathe in every gale,
Arise! and aid the dawn, my fair?
Dispute the blush with yonder east;
Thy breath shall mock the fragrant air
The light thy radiant eyes increase

[The letters on the study and use of Ancient and Modern History, by J. Bigland, have obtained some celebrity in this country. The following is extracted from the Essays of the same author, recently published.]

ON THE ABSURDITIES OF MORAL WRITERS.

As it is inconsistent with the order of things, that the gifts of fortune should be distributed in equal portions to all, as affluence, ease and pleasure, can fall to the lot of only a small number of individuals, and by far the greatest part of the human species must lead a life of toil and labour, in the midst of poverty and in the gloom of obscurity, it appears to have been the design of a number of moral philosophers to reconcile the great bulk of mankind to their condition, by delineating a disguised and fallacious picture of the good and evil of life.

To see a philosopher who is possessed of affluence, or at least blessed with a comfortable competency, writing a panegyic on the happiness of poverty, is something truly ludicrous. A person who possesses what is sufficient to supply his wants, and even to procure him those conveniences which are suitable to his station, or can contribute to render life easy and agreeable, may, indeed, retire into his closet at an hour of leisure to write an elaborate harrangue on the blessings of poverty, and for want of other employment, may indulge his reveries until the dinner bell calls him to a plentiful repast; the smoothness or floridity of his style, or the apparent energy of his reasoning, may amuse those who have as much leisure to read as he has to write; but all his declamatory eloquence will never induce the poor man to think his situation comfortable, when he is hungry and cannot procure himself a dinner.

A barley loaf 'tis true my table crowns,
That fast diminishing in lusty rounds,
Stops nature's cravings, yet her sighs will flow. BLOOMFIELD.

Surely those writers, who thus insult the understanding of their readers, and give the lie to universal experience, have never represented to themselves the man of sensibility, surrounded by his helpless offspring crying for bread, which it is not in his power to provide, or seeing them or the partner of his bosom, languishing on a bed of sickness, without being able to procure what is necessary for their comfort or recovery. They have never contemplated virtue in distress, or genius cramped in its exertions by chilling penury; nor beheld the miserable spectacle of age and infirmity sinking under the burden of labour and want. Such scenes however are almost every where exhibited: they may be witnessed in every city, town and village, if not designedly overlooked, and present themselves too frequently to escape observation. If those mistaken moralists have ever contemplated the scenes of woe, so common among the lower classes of mankind, and yet suppose them consistent with happiness, what in the name of common sense is it that constitutes misery?

The arguments and inductions of this mistaken philosophy, are so common, and the terms "humble but happy station," "contented poverty," "happy obscurity," and a thousand cant expressions of this nature, so frequently occur, that a volume might be filled with quotations of this moral nonsense; and from books, it is transferred into the mouths of those who have never experienced this enviable happiness that poverty brings for its dowry. We are told that the great Frederic of Prussia, walking with a French philosopher, I think the abbe Mably,

and seeing a poor old woman, who gained her livlihood by labouring in the gardens, asleep on a bank, said to his companion, I make no doubt but that old woman is happier than either you or I. Mr. Gibbon, however, sagaciously enough observes, "The Prince and the philosopher might answer for themselves, but I, for my own part, do not envy the happiness of the old woman." At that moment indeed, when sound asleep, her felicity could scarcely be called in question; but very probably these seasons of sweet insensibility, in the bosom of temporary annihilation, were the only happy intervals that chequered the continued misery of her life; and if in their waking hours, the King and the Abbe were not happier than the poor old woman, common sense will suggest, and candour must allow, that it was certainly their own fault. Nothing is more common than reflections of the same nature as those of the philosophical monarch and his friend, or rather nothing is more frequently observed than instances of this want of reflection, which was on that occasion shewn in the conversation of these two celebrated personages. I have frequently conversed with a gentleman of a philosophical turn of mind, who although young, healthy, and rich, used frequently to assert, that his labourers, who toiled and sweat from morning to night, were happier than he. "They are," said he, "contented in their situation," and if he was not so, the fault was certainly neither in nature nor fortune, but only in himself. Their contentment, however, if real, was only a patient compliance with imperious necessity: his might have been entirely voluntary; and if he had placed himself a few days in their situation, experience, that great master of human wisdom, would have taught him to make a just estimate of its inconveniences, and have shown him how much the balance was in his own favour. This mistaken mode of viewing the picture of human life, must have a pernicious tendency towards the extinction of that benevolence, which ought to glow in the breasts of those who have it in their power to alleviate misery, or to favour indigent merit. How, indeed, can we be inclined to commiserate a condition which we consider as sufficiently comfortable.

It must be confessed, that many among the very lowest classes of mankind, plunged in ignorance, and strangers to every elevated thought, experience in the pursuit and enjoyment of that small portion of sensual pleasures, which falls to their lot, almost all the happiness of which they are able to conceive any idea. This satisfies their desires and precludes every inclination of a more rational and refined nature. A felicity however, of this kind, proceeding not from sentiment but from insensibility, exhibits a degradation of mind that ought rather to excite than repress our commiseration of a condition, which imperious necessity and dull stupidity alone, render tolerable. The ingenious Mr. Aiken says, "Far be it from me to insult poverty by declaiming on its advantages, we have had enough of that cant," and it is nothing less than consummate absurdity to obtrude upon men groundless reasonings, which none but fools will believe. Ought we not rather to paint the good and evil of life in their genuine colours, and represent them such as they really are, and such as they will ever be pronounced, by those whom experience qualifies for making a just estimation?

That the evils of life are not imaginary but real, the universal feel-

ings of mankind declare, and bitter experience corroborates the theory of reason and sentiment. It is therefore in vain to attempt to argue men out their senses, or to make them believe themselves happy when every feeling which nature has implanted in the human composition informs them, in terms more forcible than language can furnish, that they are completely miserable.

Imagination may paint ideal scenes, or exhibit illusory views, and rhetoric may deceive by false or exaggerated representation, and on many occasions give to fallacious reasoning an appearance of truth; but human feelings will prevail against the most subtle argumentation, and triumph over all the delusions of fancy. The most elaborate description of the tropical regions will not warm a person who is freezing under the arctic circle, nor can all the powers of imagination draw from the snows of Lapland any refreshing coolness, to one who is fainting under the ardent heat of the torrid zone.

Poets and philosophers, however, have taken considerable pains, and both exerted the powers of genius, and employed the subtleties of argumentation as well as the flowers of rhetoric, to persuade mankind that riches, honours, and the other gifts of fortune are burdens and encumbrances, that meanness of condition excludes care, that wealth and eminence produce anxiety and solicitude, and that tranquillity, contentment, and happiness, which are seldom found amongst the great, are the appendages of obscurity and indigence. Their florid declamations however, are no more than mere effusions of the fancy, the sophistical reasonings of a theory contradictory to human feelings, and exploded by universal experience.

"Content the poet sings, with us resides,
In lonely cots like mine the damsel hides;
And will he then in raptured visions tell,
That sweet content with want can ever dwell." BLOOMFIELD.

It seems that the system of moralizing here alluded to, has originated from a good intention of promoting the peace of society, by rendering the poor and the unfortunate contented in their situation. It may even have been thought an act of benevolence to conceal, as much as possible, from the eyes of the indigent and distressed the view of their misery, and to amuse them with the contemplation of a fictitious happiness, in order to draw their attention from real hardships and misfortunes. But how laudable soever may be the design, the measure is defective. It is founded on erroneous principles, and tends to inculcate a theory so directly contrary to the voice of nature, that nothing beneficial to mankind can be the result.

If such principles were made the rule of human conduct, the effects would be exceedingly pernicious; but fortunately this consequence is not to be apprehended; for however such reasoning may be approved in a didactic poem, or a moral discourse, it is universally exploded in practice. If this, indeed, were not the case, there would be an end of all laudable enterprise, of all industrious exertion, and of all improvement in arts and sciences, manufactures and commerce, or rather those conveniences and embellishments of civilized life would never have had a beginning. From a desire of avoiding the evils of poverty, and of enjoying the

blessings which riches are the means of procuring, all these undertakings originate.

"Impiger extremos currit mercator ad Indos,
Per mare pauperiem fugiens per saxa, per ignes."

"From Europe's coasts to India's farthest shores,
The active merchant roams in quest of gain,
Both land and seas through sultry climes explores,
Flying from want and all its baleful train."

HOR.

If poverty, indeed, had not been ever considered as an evil of tremendous magnitude, the active powers of man would never have been called into exertion, but would have remained buried in a state of stupid torpidity. If all men had rested satisfied with their condition, without any desire of its amelioration, or any endeavours for that purpose, the human species would yet have remained uncivilized.

For the Emerald.

[The subsequent communication was received too late for the last Emerald: Our high respect for the celebrated literary character it is intended to compliment, induces us to insert it *now*, and we have the pleasure to assure our readers that Mr. Adams' very eloquent Address will soon be before the public.]

THE powers of the voice, have been the subject of eulogy in every age and nation; but eloquence of the higher order, is as rare as it is valuable. It is true that in our national assemblies, a touch of the pathetic is sometimes observable, but it is soon lost in the frigdity of the subsequent observations. In fact little attention has been paid to this sublime art; our orators in general are too intent on the acquirement of money, to attend to the value of their reputation. I attended the inauguration of Mr. Adams as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, at Harvard University, and the oration which he delivered on the occasion, revived all my ideas of the splendor of the oratory of antiquity; whatever I had heard before was boyish in comparison. The sentiments of the author of the British Spy, on this subject, as they are pertinent to the point, I shall here introduce.

"FOLLOWING up too closely" says he "the cold conceit of the Roman division of an oration, the speakers set aside a particular part of their discourse, usually the peroration in which they take it into their heads that they will be pathetic. Accordingly, when they reach this part, whether it be prompted by the feelings or not, a mighty bustle commences. The speaker pricks up his ears, erects his chest, tosses his arms with hysteric vehemence, and says every thing which he supposes ought to affect his hearers; but it is all in vain: for it is obvious that every thing he says is prompted by the head, and however it may display his ingenuity and fertility—however it may appeal to the admiration of his hearers, it will never strike deeper. The hearts of the audience will refuse all commerce except with the heart of the speaker; nor in this commerce is it possible by any disguise, however artful, to impose false ware on them. However the speaker may labour to seem to feel, however near he may approach to the appearance of the reality, the heart nevertheless possesses a keen, unerring sense, which never fails to detect the imposture. It would seem as if the heart of man stamps a secret mark on all its effusions, which alone can give them currency, and which no ingenuity, however adroit, can successfully imitate. I have been not a little diverted here, in listening to some fine orators who deal almost entirely in this pathos of the head. They practise the start, the pause—make an immense parade of attitudes and gestures, and seem to imagine themselves piercing the heart with a thousand wounds. The heart all the time, developing every trick that is played to cajole her, and

sitting serene and composed, looks on and smiles at the ridiculous pageant as it passes. Nothing can, in my opinion, be more ill judged in an orator, than to indulge himself in this idle, artificial parade. It is particularly unfortunate in an exordium. It is as much as to say, *caveat auditor*; and for my own part, the moment I see an orator rise with this menacing majesty—assume a look of solemn wisdom—stretch forth his right arm, like the *rubens dexter* of Jove—and hear him open his throat in deep and tragic tone, I feel myself involuntarily braced and in an attitude of defence, as if I were going to take a bout with Mendoza. The Virginians boast of an orator of nature, whose manner was the reverse of all this; and he is the only orator of whom they do boast with much emphasis. I mean the celebrated Patrick Henry, whom I regret that I came to this country too late to see. I cannot, indeed, easily forgive him, even in the grave, his personal instrumentality in separating these fair colonies from Great Britain. Yet I dare not withhold from the memory of his talents, the tribute of respect to which they are so justly entitled. I am told that his general appearance and manners were those of a plain farmer or planter of the back country; that, in this character, he always entered on the exordium of an oration—disqualifying himself, with looks and expressions of humility, so lowly and unassuming, as threw every heart off its guard, and induced his audience to listen to him, with the same easy openness with which they would converse with an honest neighbour:—but, by and by, when it was little expected, he would take a flight so high, and blaze with a splendor so heavenly, as filled them with a kind of religious awe, and gave him the force and authority of a prophet. You remember this was the manner of Ulysses; commencing with a depressed look, and hesitating voice. Yet I dare say Mr. Henry was directed to it, not by the example of Ulysses, of which it is very probable, that at the commencement of his career, at least, he was entirely ignorant;—but either that it was the genuine trembling diffidence, without which, if Tully may be believed, a great orator never rises; or else that he was prompted to it by his own sound judgment and his intimate knowledge of the human heart. I have seen the skeletons of some of his orations. The periods, and their members, are short, quick, eager, palpitating, and are manifestly the extemporaneous effusions of a mind deeply convicted, and a heart inflamed with zeal for the propagation of those convictions. They afford, however, a very inadequate sample of his talents; the stenographer having never attempted to follow him, when he arose in the strength and awful majesty of his genius.

The powers of Mr. Adams as a writer and an orator surprized my feelings to rapture. He caused them to ascend with him to a sublime and enthusiastic elevation, and hurrying them along the higher regions, without deviating from his course, he left them rapt in wonder and amazement, at his luminous and rapid progress. I hope Sir, the oration will be published for the honor of the University and the eloquent Professor; and the satisfaction of an impatient public.

AN ADMIRER.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS

And Original Remarks.

PREFACES.

The Italians honor these compositions with the title of "Salsa del libro"...*The salt of the volume.* In fact a judicious preface is the stimulant source which excites the appetite of the reader, and occasions him to devour the contents of the book with the greediness of a glutton.

Dr. Darwin, who has the happy art of illustrating from the most familiar circumstances in real life the abstract theories of philosophy, gives us the following picturesque instance of the use of varying motives to prolong exertion.

A little boy, who was tired of walking, begged of his papa to carry him. "Here," says his father, "ride on my gold-headed cane."—The pleased child, putting it between his legs galloped away with delight.

Alexander the Great, also, one day saw a poor man carrying upon his shoulders a very heavy load of silver for the royal camp: the man tottered under his burden and was ready to give up the point from fatigue. "Hold on, my friend, the rest of the way, and carry it to your *own* tent, for it is *yours*," said Alexander.

The Seasons of Thompson cannot fail to delight while the charms of nature exist and sentiments of virtue bear sway in the breast, they contain the following very fine picture of conjugal felicity.

The seasons thus,
As careless round a jarring world they roll,
Still finds them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

The whole section which may be found at the close of Spring, is recommended to the perusal of bachelors.

PEDANTS.

"I hate," says Montaigne, "those scholars who can do nothing without their books." In fact, men of this description have no knowledge, but can tell you where some may be found. They serve as *indexes* to good authors. Their conversation will inform you, that in such a passage and chapter of Cicero and Seneca there is a fine thought. Montaigne has observed, with much truth in the sentiment, and with great beauty of expression, that science is a sceptre in the hands of some men, and a bauble in those of others.

OPULENCE.

A rich officer of revenue, one day asked a man of wit, what kind of a thing opulence was, "It is a thing," replied the philosopher," which can give a rogue an advantage over an honest man."

An epigrammatist has the following pointed sneer at what may be called *sentimental charity*:

Such fine-spun pain does want excite,
When beggars near Penuria stray;
From fear of fainting at the sight,
She turns her head another way.
Here generous notions *partial* call
The hand that grants a penny;
So, as she cannot give to *all*,
She never gives to *any*.

DECLAMATION.

We see many orations eloquent indeed, but so empty, that they may justly be called elegant trifles. Balzac used to boast that he possessed the art of talking without saying any thing. Cicero condemns severely this style of eloquence—"Est enim et scientia comprehendenda rerum plurimarum, sine qua verborum volubilitas inanis atque irridenda est." Without multifarious knowledge a volubility of words is empty and ridiculous declamation.

Armstrong is a poet whose writings next to those of the author of the Seasons' obtain my most frequent perusal. In his Art of Health he calls on the opulent in the following eloquent strains.

. . . . . Pursue some nobler aim,
And earn the fair esteem of honest men
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick and needy shiver at your gates

There are while human miseries abound
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

.....

But for one end, one much neglected use
Are riches worth your care: (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.)
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To shew the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

HAPPY PANEGYRIC.

Augustino Caracci, brother of Annibal, having made a long discourse in praise of that admirable group of statues of Laocoon and his sons, it was observed to Annibal, that it was strange that he did not add his eulogy on this wonderful performance. Annibal took a crayon in his hand, and drew the group with as much correctness as if he had had the statues before him. This action was a panegyric that exceeded in happiness whatever the most brilliant figures of speech, or the most energetic expressions, could have produced. Turning round to his brother, Annibal observed, "Poets paint with words, and painters speak with their pencil."

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

NO BAD RULE.

"I never come late to a friend's dinner," says Boileau, "for I have observed that when a company is waiting for a man, they make use of that time to load him with abuse."

The following anecdote of M. Scudery and his sister, whose romances obtained high celebrity in the seventeenth century, is related on the authority of M. Carpentier.

Scudery, returning from his government of Notre Dame, with his sister, stopped one night at Pont Saint-Esprit, and slept in a two-bedded room. Before they went to sleep, Scudery conversed with his sister about the romance of Cyrus, which they were composing jointly. —"What shall we do," says the brother, "with Prince Mazare?" "I think we must poison him," replied the sister. "No," rejoined the brother, "I think we must keep the Prince alive longer, as we have some business in hand for him; and it will be in our power to kill him when we like." During this conversation between the brother and sister about the fate of Prince Mazare, a merchant, who slept in another room adjoining to them, and divided only by a thin partition, had been long listening to this discourse; and assured that the parties were plotting the assassination of some Prince, arose from his bed, and went immediately to a magistrate to unfold this dark scheme. Scudery and his sister were arrested, and carried prisoners to Paris, and summoned before the court; who, hearing the account of the embryo romance given by the authors, dismissed the cause with a very hearty laugh.

Although the productions of novelists are seldom highly instructive, they frequently abound in liveliness of description. The following extract from ISABEL, is a specimen of pleasing naivete.

VENETIAN SPORTS.

"Where are we to go now, Signora?"

"To Venice, I believe, Felice."

"O holy Virgin!" cried Felice,

jumping up with joy, "I hope it may be to Venice."

"Why so, Felice?"

"Because, Signora, there is such a power of grand sights to be seen there; there is, as I have heard say, the doge and the wild beasts, the senate house and the puppet-show, the senators and the macaroni, their wives and the bargemen, the carnival and the pope's chapel, the gibbet of the famous Turkish robber, and his holiness's statue in marble, above six feet high."

"My heavens, Felice, how strangely you have jumbled them together! But I know not, after all, whether we shall go to Venice or not."

"Oh Signora, but I hope we may!—Such fine grand squares are to be seen there—such aqueducts, as they call them, and such rareeshows; and then on the festivals, as they say, there is such noise and junketing, such gaming and rioting!—They say that, on the merriest days, five or six, nay, sometimes five or six-and-twenty persons are murdered together in the streets!"

"And pray, do you think, Felice, this is a desirable part of their amusement to see?"

"Why no, Signora; but it is a great sign of their spirit and gaiety, for they are all murdered for love."

"Indeed!.....I knew not that before."

"You may depend upon it, though, Signora; for no Venetian lady ever receives a lover in favour, till he can bring her two or three rivals' heads. Her first present to him is always a dagger or a stabbing knife.—Every handsome lady there has a score or two of lovers; but, poor creatures! when she is fit to be married, jealousy has seldom left more than one to claim her. Their love once declared, they go. Like a rose, Signora, they only bloom to die!"

Domestic Literary Intelligence.

The Enchanted Lake of the Fairy Morgana, from the 'Orlando Inamorata,' of Francisco Berni, has recently been published at New York. "Were this Poem possessed of no other recommendation than that of giving rise to the 'Furioso,' and having served as a model, in many respects, to the inimitable Cervantes (who has frequently copied with the happiest success, the burlesque style of Berni) it would well deserve the attention of the classical reader. But the merit of the Inamorata is not merely relative: the great variety of incident and wonderful adventure which it contains, cannot fail of pleasing all who delight in fiction. Many of the stories are interesting, and happily told; the descriptions are brilliant, sometimes sublime, and often display great beauty of imagery, and felicity of expression."

Dunlap, the American Dramatist, sometime since issued proposals for publishing his works. A late New York Herald has the following notice:

We are happy to have it in our power to announce that the subscriptions for this interesting and valuable work afford the author a cheering prospect. The list for this city is honored by the names of first respectability, and we trust that this publication will remunerate in a prompt and liberal manner the literary labours of our countryman.

D. West of this town, has published a very neat edition of "Underwood on Diseases of Children," Medical men speak of the character of this work in terms of high praise.

To Correspondents.

The "Leaden Monument" of L. is too *heavy* to find place in our domain. While foreign *Gold* can be had we cannot receive *native* Lead.

T. P. who once furnished the "*Wreck of Reason*" is urged to assist in polishing the Emerald.

Why are our prose writers silent?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

FABLE. 17.

THE CONVENTION OF BIRDS.

The President of birds of late,
Resolv'd to quit affairs of state,
Like Charles to fly from pomp and noise,
And taste the sweets of rural joys;
From courts and giddiness and strife
In sober thought to spend his life.

'Twas needful in the royal station,
T' appoint a bird of reputation,
Who might conduct the Commonweal
With prudence, dignity and zeal,
The Eagle, easy in the choice,
Submitted to the people's voice.

Regardful of the period set,
The birds in grand Convention met.

The hen began: To choose a king,
Is not an unimportant thing.
In such a choice a prudent nation
Regards the rising generation;
Regards to whom they delegate
The privileges of the State;
Sees that the monarch's head possesses
Knowledge pervading all recesses;
A hand to heal domestic woes,
And strength to chasten foreign foes.
Our rights must therefore be resign'd
To one who's knowing, brave and kind,
The Vulture, strong, courageous, true,
Shall have my vote and int'rest too:
Under this sage administration
New glory shall await the nation.
He's just, tho' most are fond of pickings,
And kills the hawk, who kills my chickens.

The Goose came wad'ling up: I rise
T' unclose that worthy speaker's eyes,
I know an honest bird and just,
Whom we with confidence may trust,
Search where you will this honour'd post,
The golden-robin merits most:
'Tis not his gently-warbling throat,
That syren-like procures my vote,
Or gilded tints his wings display:
But that I heard the hero say,
That foxes without shame or grace,
Were a vile, thieving, scoundrel race.

The Blackbird, next the case inspected,
Choose any bird, the crow excepted,
I ne'er could look with friendly eye,
On feathers of an ugly die.

The Parrot oft had heard it said,
Kings were not fam'd for length of head,
Yet hop'd the monarch's art would reach,
As high as languages and speech.

The Raven wish'd him art and sense,
And knowledge to foretel events.

The Peacock hop'd he would maintain
In dignity a splendid train.

The Owl, who modestly preferr'd
A cunning to a fighting bird,
Pray'd that whoever fill'd the place,
Might ever wear a solemn face.
The Hen's maternal observations,
Respecting future generations,
Were clear, ostensible, and true;
He begg'd to add a word or two.
'Twas known a certain quadruped,
Had long on eggs devoutly fed.
And were no other diet nigh,
Would feed upon the younger fry.
Now if a ruler could be found,
To fly himself where mice abound:
With his own eyes explore the ill;
With his own beak the murderers kill,
Inquietude for young would cease,
And population then increase,
Choose then a bird with parts combin'd
To alleviate the public mind;
One who can guide, so vast his powers,
The nation in the *darkest* hours.

Thus some admire and vote for those,
Who cast aspersions on their foes;
Some pertinaciously condemn
Who're bold enough to rival them,
And other interested elves,
Dare indirectly puff themselves.

Fire flashes from the Eagle's eyes,
Rising in wrath he frowns and cries:
Wretches disperse—'tis party spirit
That makes you blind to real merit,
'Tis pride that prompts the wish elate,
To raise yourselves and wreck the State.
O! servile, unambitious crew,
Too plain the secret source I view,
From whence your commendations flow,
'Tis he you praise, who hates your foe,
Griev'd is my heavy heart to find,
That birds should copy human kind,
They swell with rage, with envy groan,
At prospects brighter than their own,
Elate with pride and warm with zeal,
So pure a pleasure never feel.

As when contempt and ridicule
Mark ev'ry rival as a fool.
No longer strive to fill the throne,
The government is still my own.
Returning then to public life—
Like Washington, he clos'd the strife.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Vitas hinnules me similis, Chloe.
Hor. Od. 23d. Lib 1.

TRANSLATION.

MARK the steps of yonder fawn,
To her tim'rous dam she hies,
Zephyrs breathe along the lawn,
Swifter, swifter, now she flies.

Thus Chloe, pale with false alarms,
Flies to her mother's circling arms.

If a lizard move the grass,
If the wanton breezes play,
See, the fearful fawn, alas!
Trembling, panting, steals away.

Thus will timid Chloe prove,
If e'er a word I lisp of love.

Not like a hungry lion, fierce,
I seek my treasure to destroy;
Say, why from Love's delights averse?
O say then Chloe, why so coy?

Haste, from thy mother's arms remove
Since all thy charms are now mature for love.

PHAON.

For the Emerald.

EPIGRAM.

Difference between English and American manners.

On a Representative selling fish.

In England we're told that the great men of state,
For the loaves and the *fishes* contend,
Which to gain is the summit and end of debate,
Nor for any thing further pretend.

But here how far different a statesman so *great*,
The utmost extent of whose wish is,
To lustily eat of the *loaves* of the state,
And turn into money the *fishes*.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

Now we raise the banquet high,
Let each god his gift supply.
O descend! celestial powers,
Crown with joy the rosy hours.

Comus with thy mystic wiles,
Easy, wanton, careless, free;
Venus, drest in airy smiles,
Meet us here in social glee.

Bacchus with thy purple juice,
Pleasures ever new produce;
Come Apollo join the throng,
Cheating care with mirth and song,
Now to thee triumphant Love.
Constant homage will we pay,
Men below and powers above,
Bend beneath thy sovereign sway.

AMARANTHUS.

[The writings of Thomas G. Fessenden are too well known in New-England to require panegyric. The following beautiful stanzas are taken from his Miscellaneous Poems just published, and shew that his talents are not confined to Satire.]

THE MORNING.

BEHOLD, my fair, the ruddy morn
Anticipate the day;
What beauteous tints the sky adorn,
And gild the azure way!

The sombre mists, which gloomy night
Had gather'd in the vale,
Are borne aloft, and wing their flight
Before the rising gale.

Now chang'd to clouds of varied hue,
In airy maze they dance;
Now sweep athwart the welkin blue,
And gem the gay expanse.

The plumy tenant of the grove
Is perch'd on yonder spray,
And serenades his little love
With sweetest roundelay.

To taste the pleasures of the morn
Is bliss without alloy,
Though Fashion's drowsy vot'ries scorn
To quaff the cup of Joy.

But rise, my lovely charmer, rise
To greet the early ray,
And let my TERAMINTA's eyes
Add lustre to the day.

SCEPTICISM.

St. George, to save a maid, a dragon slew;
A gallant action, grant the thing were [true:
Some say there are no dragons—nay 'tis said,
There's no *St. George!* Pray heaven there be a maid!

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